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Dora Greenwell

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CARMINA CRUCIS

# Carmina Crucis

BY

## Dora Greenwell

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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MISTRESS OF WESTFIELD COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON



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## DEDICATED TO

## LUCY A. CONSTABLE

"I TOOK," said Luther, "for the symbol of my theology a seal on which I had engraven a cross, with a heart in its centre. The cross is black, to indicate the sorrows, even unto death, through which the Christian must pass; but the heart preserves its natural colour, for the cross does not extinguish nature, it does not kill, but give life. Justus fide vivet, sed fide crucifixi. The heart is placed in the midst of a white rose, which signifies the joy, peace, and consolation which faith gives; but the rose is white and not red, because it is not the joy and peace of the world, but of spirits."

## PREFACE

BY the kindness of the Rev. Alan Greenwell, I am allowed to re-edit his sister's poems. Two volumes are offered to the public, the first consisting of Carmina Crucis alone, and the second of Poems Selected from the numerous verses written during the comparatively short period in which the best of her work was done.

Carmina Crucis was published in 1869, and though one of her most beautiful works, has long been out of print. Mr Alan Greenwell kindly sent me his private copy, in which every poem was dated by dictation from his sister, so I am able to add to the interest of the book by giving these dates; all are written in the very centre of her brief flowering time, between 1861 and 1869, and a third of them, and those the most wonderful, belong to the year 1868.

The illustrations are possessed of a singular charm, and are, save the terminal ornament of Part II., reproduced from the original edition.

C. L. M.

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## INTRODUCTION

THERE is a satisfaction felt in the possession of a whole book reprinted just as it came from the hand of the author, and Carmina Crucis is here given entire. The message it has to deliver is better fitted for the ears of this generation than for those of the generation for which it was written, for the author was a true seer and lived in front of the thought of her age. In matters of the soul she does not follow, but leads.

This book is no garden of roses and lilies, but is rather a pathway trodden bare by perplexed feet. It leads to the Cross, and is as it were a part of the Ascent of Calvary, gaunt, bare, and sorrowful. The alternations of feeling in the poems are so great, that some minds will find them hard to understand. Here are struck the low notes of a sorrow which is close upon despair, as well as the high notes of con-

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fidence and victory, and both are given with a candour that does not admit of immediate There is nothing fictitious here. harmony. The dissonance is not brought in with intention to enhance the beauty of the final chord, but is in itself a true expression of faith or want of faith. This is shown by the fact that very few of the pieces have in them a combination of both notes, and the two that are nearest to despair, November and O, amiable, lovely Death, end with the wail with which they begin. Yet again faith rises, and soaring high above the world calls others to follow with a song that is far more attractive than that of the singers who have never felt the desolating, soul-subduing weight of doubt. Hear her tell of "Love's best Archer ":-

"Forsaken, shunned, abhorred and desolate, Yet shall His arrows win back victory, His bow arrest a doubtful combat's fate, And He shall conquer surely, conquering late."

We take the book as it is. The note of modern scepticism is clear in it, and yet it is dominated by the note of faith. Beneath the sunny smiles of spring, when the sky gives to the earth "the kiss without the tear," we are made to feel the sudden blank of uncertainty,

the fear lest "odour, light and bloom" are but "the broidered fold" of a veil hiding the face of drear emptiness in the spiritual world; the windows above are open, but they show no glimpse of Heaven, but rather that awful look-through into nothing, which is known only to some souls in rare moments of torture. At such a time the earth may be having April outside, but it is November for the soul within, a time when Love, not to be baffled,—

"Still with patient breast
Broods on, until its nest
Is filled with wintry flakes of cold despair.
A time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief;
The dews lie thick on earth, and red the blighted leaf."

In other verses we feel again and again the grasp of the living hand of faith reaching through the blank, whether of mist or of sunshine, and gaining the world invisible where the Lord dwells. It is not the clear in intellect but the pure in heart that shall see God, and along this way lies not only hope for the future, but the confidence born of actual present experience. It is true that the main and perfect deliverance lies still in the future, but we can wait for it because we know the Lord who is the Deliverer.

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If we know the Person we can have patience for the unfolding of His work. All centres in Him, whether seen as dying, or as alive for evermore. If the enemy is present, the Mighty One is present too, and with Him we are safe.

"I wait, my soul doth wait

For Him who on His shoulder bears the key;
I sit fast bound and yet not desolate,

My mighty Lord is free.

Be thou uplifted, Door
Of everlasting strength! the Lord on high
Hath gone, and captive led for evermore
My long captivity."

It is evident that her fears are not for the future in its final result, whether for the world or for herself, but in the actual present they often come upon her with an almost crushing force, and we may at once admit that the poetic temperament is bound to suffer in this direction. Made as it is for love and light and splendour and freedom, it is silently confronted day after day with a "vast, dark, ruined world," that is to all appearance neglected by its Creator.

"Things unbeloved are safe and cared for; the limpet fastens upon the storm-beaten rock, the moss and the lichen seek out the grey desolate wall.

"But the life that was formed for love and joy is blighted, and the heart of man wanders and hath not found its home." Not only to Nature do we look, but also to the long course of History, and that too is for the most part sad and empty of help, save for one spot, a spot painful, unattractive, and desolate, where there stands a Cross, and on it hangs the Son of God, suffering unto death. The evil of the world is an enigma, yet the Cross is there also "an enigma cast down by God" alongside the other, to be explained as it may. There it stands, a witness through the ages. If man suffers, God suffers too, and where God is, there surely is salvation. There is at least no other hope.

"Then saw I lifted high
The Cross stand bare between the darkened sky
And pallid earth; as close as can despair
I clasped my arms about it. Here I die."

But the Cross when thus embraced is found to be not death but life, and a sense of rest and final satisfaction steals over the burdened heart.

"Who speaketh now of peace?
Who seeketh for release?
The Cross is strength, the solemn Cross is gain.
Who willeth now to choose?
Who strives to bind or loose?
Sweet life, sweet death, sweet triumph, and sweet pain."

The writer of these lines was a seer, and lived mentally in the present day rather than

## xvi Introduction

in her own generation. It was hard for her to see the divine necessity for the Atonement, but the human and sympathetic side is the very home of her soul. A wave of doubt now and then sweeps across her mind, and the evidence of history, of ethics, and even of the renewed human heart itself is obliterated before the heavy, vague, incoming cloud of fear that there is no genuine response from the world invisible, and that the whole position of faith is a delusion. The Problem of Evil is almost too strong for her, and the very sun is at times blotted from the sky by the vapour, "formless, hueless, void," that rises from the stagnant waters of the world.

"On earth is hate and discord, and we say these things are but for a day, but if for a day, why not for ever?

"If light reigned, would it endure the darkness even for a moment?

"And if love is vanquished now, why should we deem that it will triumph hereafter?"

Here is the confession of fundamental doubt, accompanied by that deadly sinking of heart that can pursue the track of thought no further.

Yet there stands the Cross, firmly fixed both into the history of the world and into the nature of things, and no power of earth or hell,

no remoteness of time or space can alter a finished fact. Crux stat, orbis volvitur. surroundings are piteous and repellant, and full of various forms of evil. Tabor and even Sinai are to be preferred to this mount of agony, and yet if, undeterred, the soul struggles through to the centre of all, it is met by "a look of solemn recognition" from the crucified Saviour. a look "such as may pass between friends who have endured between them some strange and secret sorrow," and the two are united in a bond that cannot be broken. That Christ knows all, and that He can find no other solution for the evil in the world but to be Himself there in the midst of it, dying on a Cross, this is the thought round which her soul flies ever circling like a dove round its home.

"So let the earth be old
And, like a wicked Fate, from off her reel
Spin evil changes; let the skies in cold
Clear splendour arch us in a vault of steel;
The heavens are far away, yet God is near.
I find a need divine

That meeteth need of mine;
No rigid fate I meet, no law austere.
I see my God who turns,

And o'er His creature yearns; Upon the cross, God gives, and claims, the tear."

Here on Calvary is love seen at its highest,

 $\mathbf{B}$ 

## xviii Introduction

and we ask for nothing more. Promises are cheering and words are sweet, but love always prefers deeds to words. Here is a sermon preached in silence, a world-embracing truth shown in a series of events. The Cross is enough. Any further explanation of Divine love would be poor and colourless beside this, and the soul, though scarcely understanding, rests in perfect peace.

"Here will I see the day
Pass by, the shadows creep
Around me. Here I pray,
And here I sing and weep;
Here only will I sleep
And wake again. I keep
My watch beneath this tree.
The Lord hath shewed to me."

Reader, I pray you, do not be deterred by the poverty of some of the verses in the first part, or the looseness of texture here and there, but press on through the extraordinary prosepoem Lovely Death, and through the Pastoral, which, though the metre is careless, is truly an exquisite thing both in thought and diction, and do not stop till you reach the solemn centre of the whole, which begins with Quis Separabit? There are some eight poems on the one subject, and there you will find the soldier-soul standing

faithful to death beside the Cross. There wait awhile, and then go on again through varied work, through the humble patience of Expectans Expectavi, and the deep-rooted confidence of the verses on Election, till you reach the ringing march of the Veni, Veni, Emmanuel, where the whole closes in light and victory. By the coming of Christ, not as Redeemer, but as Lawgiver, Judge, and King, all the woes of man are over. Every shadow flees away before this triumphant sunrise.

"And art Thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord?
And is Thy name Emmanuel,
God present with His world restored?

The world is glad for Thee! the heart
Is glad for Thee! and all is well,
And fixed, and sure, because *Thou art*Whose name is called Emmanuel."

With this we close. The actual composition of this book is not all it ought to be. Here we have an unmistakable poet, and yet she cannot write sustained poetry, and this is a loss so great that some excuse may seem needed for a reprint. Horace says that an indifferent pleader has yet his value in the courts of law, but that "neither men nor gods nor bookstalls" can endure mediocrity in a poet. "A

## Introduction

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poem," he says, "a thing born and invented to delight the mind, sinks to the lowest if it declines ever so little from the highest." But these drastic words are not applicable here, for the outlook of the writer has a scope beyond the ken of Horace. Many of these pages are indifferent if regarded as poetry, but if regarded as prophecy, if accepted as a message from one heart to another, they belong to the highest order of utterances, for they are the words of one who is wise in the archives of the Kingdom of Heaven. She is a householder, whose stores are not visible at the first glance, but who can bring out of her treasures things new to answer the last-discovered need, and things old that have survived the storms of centuries. copying, no cant, no repetition of a worn-out feeling is to be found in these pages, but the testimony of one who writes only what she That is here, and no more, and her sacrifice to honesty sometimes results in unsatisfying gaps and loose edges in poems which with a few lines of more definite and certain thought might have been made complete. Their supreme merit is that of truth where truth is not easy, and all her verses, however they differ in literary merit, are instinct with a sincerity as unadorned as that of the bare blue vault of the sky. Ever upward does her spirit tend, not making a saviour of death and of the world to come, but grasping amid difficulties almost insuperable at the hand and help of Christ the Lord, and, from her knowledge of what He has already done, fully confident in all that He will do in the end.

"Is it peace that I crave? is it rest?
Is it love that would bless and be blest?
All, all that Thou takest away
Thou canst give me again in a day,
In an hour, in a moment! Thy hand
Is full, and I open my breast
For the flower of my soul to expand!"



## First Part



"Unow ye not that so many of you as are baptized unto Christ are baptized unto his death."—Romans vi. 3.

#### L EN VOI

BRING me no snowdrops cold,
No violets dim with dew,
But flowers of burning hue,
The rose, the marigold,
The steadfast sunflower bold,
Before His steps to strew.
Bring flowers of fragrant scent,
Grey lavender and musk,
With clinging woodbines dusk,
Bring jonquils, and the frail narcissus bent,
Bring odours, incense bring,
That I may rise and sing
A song which I have made unto my Lord the King.

And let the air be still: Summer and death are silent! now I hear No stir among the hedge-rows once so shrill With song, no cuckoo near; But o'er the field the lark Hangs like a quivering spark Of joy, that breaks in fire Of rapture and desire: And from the wood a dove Moans between grief and love. While none doth of her hidden wound enquire. The heavens above are clear In splendour of the sapphire, cold as steel, No warm soft cloud floats over them, no tear Will fall on earth to tell us if they feel; But ere the pitiless day Dies into evening grey, Along the western line Rises a flery sign

That doth the glowing skies incarnadine.



## THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

A MARANTH and asphodel,

Methinks I know ye well, And thou, frail wind-swept flower that in the dim Green woods, unseen by him Thou lovest best, must pass, beloved in vain! Here blooms each flower whose leaf Or petal hints at grief And bears a mystic sign, a crimson stain; The golden rod with fire Stands tipp'd, the tuberose, In its swift fading glows And lights within its heart a funeral pyre. No roses, white nor red, Glow here, the poppy's head Droops drown'd in spells that keep The keys of death and sleep, Of anguish, ecstasy, and wild desire:

## 4 The Garden of Proserpine

Here ever on the turf green twilight lies;
Here ever warm and fragrant is the air,
And all this place is desolate and fair,
Made by a King and meet for Love's delight;
Yet here joy comes not, but the exquisite
Brief thrill of rapture in a pang that dies.
Here walks a Queen with steadfast eyes unwet,
With white Narcissus garlanded, that still
Dreams of fair Enna's sunlit mead, and yet
Mourns for the fresh, ungather'd daffodil.



### THE ALOE

"The aloe, after a long life of rest, sends up a large flower-spike, which shoots up in a few weeks on a stem from twenty to thirty feet high, utterly destroying the parent plant by its rapid, exhausting growth."

I OVE'S daily, fond, continual miracle
I cannot work for thee, nor crown thy day
Each passing hour with bloom of bud and bell;
Not mine with subtle fancies light and gay
To clasp thy soul about with delicate rings
Like hers, the summer's wooer, born with wings,
Sweet flower that fain would climb, yet only

clings!

Let flowers like hers be fair,
For they were born to bless
The warm, still brooding air,
And win the wind's caress;
Such flowers were born to woo,
To flatter, yet be true,
And spend their souls away in fond excess;

## The Aloe

6

So let the cystus' snows

Fall light upon the sunny grass at noon;

So let the gorgeous rose

Fold to her proud warm heart the heart of

June,

And let each pass in passing of the leaf, In passing of the flower, when earthward goes All that earth knows of glory, sweet and brief;

A flower that is not fair,
But wondrous, blooms my secret soul within;
Sudden the life it springs to! strange and rare
The aspect that it weareth, long shut in
From sunshine and sweet air as in a tomb;
It cleaves the heart that beareth it to win
A moment's triumph ending in swift doom;
—Then marvel not that it was slow to bloom.



## A MORNING IN SPRING

H<sup>OW</sup> sweetly, sweetly spoke
Flowers, fields, and sunny skies that
morn in May!
As if the Earth awoke

Some plain, old, long-accustomed word to say, But seeing Heaven come forth upon the way To meet her, in an unsought poem broke!

> Methought her very breast, As with a sigh repress'd,

A long, deep sigh of bliss, did swell and heave;
The skies above were clear,

The king without the teen

The kiss without the tear

They gave that morn; they loved and did not grieve.

Each tender presage curl'd Within the bud unfurl'd:

All plumed and wing'd each leaf, while light and shade

Did mix, and chase, and lovingly invade

## 8 A Morning in Spring

The others' realm; each cottage seem'd a nest Among its trees; the meads were golden fair, Odour, and light, and bloom upon the air Strove which might tell its happy story best.

Oh, Earth, I feel thee press
My soul in thy caress;
What wouldst thou speak to me? thou sayest,

"Guess!"

Is now some ancient bond
Of discord harsh repeal'd?
Is now some world beyond
To sight and sense reveal'd?
Or is this but a veil
Thou drawest o'er thy pale
Worn face? is this thy pride
Of spirit that would hide

Thy wound beneath thy vesture's broider'd fold?

Enough! thou wilt not tell

Thy secret till a spell

More strong shall wrest and wring it from thy hold.

Smile on, o'er good and ill Brooding unconscious still, Sphynx-like, impassive, terrible and cold!



## THE PLAYFELLOWS

FAR away and long ago,
Long ago and far away, Seems it now since in the low Deep valley, shut from rougher weather, Love, Hope, Joy, and I together Play'd, ah! many and many a day; Hid beneath the branching fern, Hid beneath the blooming heather, Hiding, seeking, each in turn; Oh! what games we play'd together! Till one day, within the dell, Hope and Joy, together hiding, Hid so long and hid so well, We found them not, though keenly chiding; When we call'd came no replying, Came a sound of hidden laughter From the wood's deep heart, and after Came a sound of secret sighing;

### 10 The Playfellows

Then a shadow from the hill Crept, and all grew sudden still; Gay and green and golden there Daffodils 'twixt light and shade Laugh'd, blue periwinkles made Nets our childish feet to snare; On us lightly from the bough Cherry blossoms dropp'd; but now Through the glen we slowly pass'd, We knew that we had seen the last Of Hope and Joy, no more together Play we there in summer weather.



### ONE FRIEND

SAID a sick and lonely child,
"Often have I tired of thee,
Tired of all thy answers mild,
Heard so oft, so wearily;
Wilt thou never tire of me,
Gentle Patience? now look forth
From our window looking north,
And tell us where the others play,
All this long, warm summer day."

"Love is standing in the sun,
Joy and beauty at his side,
Now in one their shadows run,
Hope has sent an arrow wide;
Shading from his brow the light,
Now I see him watch its flight."

"Oh! that they would look this way,
Oh! that to this quiet room
C

### One Friend

They would come awhile to play!
See my rose-tree all in bloom,
See the flowers I dried last Spring;
Hear my little linnet sing
In his cage! they need not stay
Longer than they please!" the child
Patience soothed with answer mild.



### A REMEMBRANCE

"Herb ist des Lebens Innerster Kern."

SHE sang at evening in an ancient room, In the Spring twilight; soft the sunset gloom,

And at the casement soft the pear-tree's bloom Look'd in, and from the coppice warblings soft And slender, met low bleatings from the croft, Peace was on all within, without; yet pain Made sweet the singer's voice, made sweet the strain

She sang, and in the listener's heart was pain; What art thou, Life? methinks thou leavest room

For the sweet bird to sing, the flower to bloom, And canst not give the heart its little hour To spread in sweeter song, in fairer flower; Oh! thou art bitter, Life! within thy strong Rude grasp the birth-right crushing, let this wrong

### 14 A Remembrance

Suffice thee! now relenting, let thy cold
Reluctant hand one little boon unfold;
Take not the blessing also! give the breast
One little sunset hour of peace and rest;
Canst thou not give one hour? The day is past,
The summer's golden noon was overcast;
The day is past, the night draws on: oh! night!
Be thou more warm, more kind, than was the
light!



### A LIFE-REQUIEM

"A life that had no friends but God and death."

NONE knoweth of thy grave; What wert thou? kind and young, Tender, and true, and brave; Yea, all that hath been sung In poet's song, or told In story, sweet and old, Was thine; an aspect fair, A heart to love and dare, An arm to guard and save, A soul for high emprise; And still thine ardent eyes Woo'd life unto thy breast, And found it fair, caress'd For all it promised, blest By thee for all it gave. Yet on thy life, from day To day, as on the child Outstretch'd the Prophet lay;

# 16 A Life-Requiem

Pain lay outstretch'd, and prest Upon thy brain, heart, breast, Until thine anguish wild And weary, changed and sank To silent spaces blank; And love, hope, joy, repress'd, Seem'd as by harsh decree The aspect weird to take Of flowers their thirst that slake At desert springs, and break In hues of mockery.

Life was to thee a shroud;
Each day that o'er thee sped
Heap'd ashes on thy head,
And through the tumult loud,
'Twixt sense and spirit, Pain
Wove its thick spells, and round
Thy silent life-springs bound
And wrapt its fine-wrought chain;
So didst thou sit and hear,
Afar, the bird sing clear,
And see the flower unfold
In the warm noon-tide gold;
Love sued and pleasure sang,
And like a clarion, pride

With full, clear summons rang Upon the air—all died.

None knoweth of thy grave; Thy life and heart in twain Were broken; even so, How should the passer know Their record sad and vain? Fling in the dust, and there Let fall with it Life's fair, Fond presage unfulfill'd; Fling eager hope unstill'd, And love, that burning low, Burn'd unconsuming here; What need of flower or tear To mark this heaving sod?—The spot is mark'd by God!



# 18 A Thought at Midnight

#### 1862

### A THOUGHT AT MIDNIGHT

OH! that some soul o'er-weigh'd
With love and pity, as a flower with dew,
For me at this still moment wept and pray'd,
And pray'd for me alone! that leaning through
My casement, now to mine a spirit drew
So close it scarce could hear
My secret, nor my tear
Could feel, nor mark my breast
That flutter'd in unrest,
Till, like two drops that roll
Within each other on the shaken leaf,
Absorbed and sunk within the tender soul
Of pity, pass'd the shrinking soul of grief!



### **NOVEMBER**

"POOR heart of mine, dost mourn
To see the rose-leaves shed
Fall on their earthy bed?
To see the day outworn
Fade out into the dead
Chill eve so soon? dost mourn
Above the wither'd leaf, the blighted corn?"

"I mourn not for the sped
Swift daylight in its close,
I mourn not for the fled
Fair spirit of the rose,
That pass'd not till it fed
With fragrance all the air
Of June; a sweeter care
Was mine than buds in thickest green enclose,
A dearer hope than lives in aught that dies and
blows."

### November

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"I mourn not for a trust
Misplaced, a broken troth;
Life healeth life that even from the dust
Will stir and bloom; I mourn
A sweeter hope withdrawn,
I miss the sealing of a firmer oath."

"Who can endure this frost?
Who can endure this cold?
The harvest's blighted gold?
The buried seed-corn lost?
If sweeping rains, of bitter grief,

A time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief,
The dews are thick on earth and light the fallen
leaf."

"And didst thou think through prayer
To pierce this heavy air?
Through patience to unwind
The cere-cloths of the mind?
Through love to breathe away
The grave-damps of decay,
Through love, through faith, through prayer,
Didst hope upon some fair,
Fond, future day to find
Earth purer, Heaven more kind?
Behold! the heavens are strong, the earth is old,
And all that comes between is dim and cold."

"A fall of wither'd leaves, The voice of one that grieves, That grieves nor yet prevails— For prayer that makes with Hope A covenant, yet fails For ever of its scope: For Faith's lone lamp that pales, Still raised above the dark Lone wat'ry waste; for Love that finds no ark, But still with patient breast Broods on until its nest Is fill'd with wint'ry flakes of cold despair; For Christ that still delayeth; For Life that still gainsayeth The spirit's trust; for dark despair that sayeth, 'Where is the promise of His coming? where The answer to thy prayer?' Behold, the heavens are strong, all things remain As they have been at first, and hope in vain." "A time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief, The dews lie thick on earth, and red the blighted leaf."



#### DESDICHADO

WEEP not for them who weep
For friend or lover taken hence, for child
That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,
Untempted, undefiled.

Mourn not for them that mourn

For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart,

God's hand will bind again what He hath torn,

He heals the broken heart.

But weep for him whose eye
Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome
Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry by,
And give the heart no home;

Who hears amid the dense

Loud trampling crash and outery of this wild

Thick jungle world of drear magnificence,

No voice which says, my child;

Who marks through earth and space
A strange dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine.

And feels within his inmost soul a place Unfill'd by the Divine;

Weep, weep, for him, above
That looks for God, and sees unpitying Fate,
That finds within his heart, in place of love,
A dull, unsleeping hate.



### CŒLO TEGITUR QUI NON HABET URNAM

"La colombe demande un pétit nid bien clos; le cadavre un tombe, et l'âme le paradis."—From a Breton sône.

In Spring the green leaves shoot,
In Spring the blossoms fall,
With Summer falls the fruit,
The leaves in Autumn fall,
Contented from the bough
They drop, leaves, blossoms now,
And ripen'd fruit; the warm earth takes them
all.

Thus all things ask for rest,

A home above, a home beneath the sod;
The sun will seek the west,
The bird will seek its nest,
The heart another breast
Whereon to lean, the spirit seeks its God.



Oh! mourn not that no tear
Should fall upon thy tomb,
That through the grasses sere
No loving footstep here
Should wear a pathway 'mid the deepening
gloom.

For, when thou livedst, none
Would watch thy step to greet,
And when thou wouldst be gone,
Thy parting look to meet,
No soft, beseeching eye,
No fond, half-smother'd sigh
With sweet arrest would bid thee linger on.

Of all thou lovedst well,

Who is there that will spare

An hour from joy, from care,

Beside thy grave to tell

Love's slow sweet beads that ceaseless fall one

after one—the knell

# 26 Cœlo Tegitur

That toll'd for thee awoke
Kind, gentle words, they spoke
Of thee awhile, but from his pillow none
Awoke with sudden start
To feel through all the heart,
And all the world's dim space and find thee gone.

All that for thee was meant
Was given, and all is spent;
A little love was thine, a little grief;
How quickly dries the brief
Sweet tear, the loosen'd leaf,
How light it falls to earth and well conten



Peace upon earth I found
And gave; with all around
Sweet peace was mine, calm greetings met me
still,

Peace, peace, and evermore this same good-will;

Yet now methinks with sound More sweet, a Voice is calling from the ground. By clear and shallow streams,
My steps were led, my spirit at no urn
Was fed, but still for fuller draughts would
yearn,

From deeper founts, and evermore my dreams Brought the wide ocean in its flashing gleams.

I sang in shelter'd bowers,
Shut in from danger and from sin, yet gloom
Hung o'er the heavy leaves, until a tomb
The garden seem'd, and oft I saw the Hours
Pass sadly, slowly by, though told by flowers;

And sweet those flowers, but lo!
Methinks they once did grow
On wild-wood banks remote! this very soil
Whereon they spread, with toil
Was brought to raise their bright exotic glow.

What bloom is this that lends

To air no fragrance, unto earth no fruit?

What life is this that spends

Its soul and strength in keeping up the mute

Faint show of life, death wither'd at the root?

D

# Cœlo Tegitur

28

Thou Jesu! that of life
Art Lord and Giver! Thou the Lord of love!
Now from this deadly strife,
This deadly calm above,
I pass to Thee, far other joys to prove.

Oh! open to me wide
The gates of death, of life that I may be
Among the dead, among the living free;
Free, free to soar and sing,
To spread my soul's glad wing,
To shed my spirit's hoarded fragrancy!



At noon-tide came a voice "Thou must away; Hast thou some look to give, some word to say, Or hear, of fond farewell," I answered, "Nay,

My soul hath said its farewell long ago,
How light, when Summer comes, the loosened
snow,
Slides from the hills! yet tell me, where I go,

Doth any wait for me?" Then like the clear Full drops of summer rain that seem to cheer The skies they fall from, soft within mine ear,

And slow, as if to render through that sweet Delay a blest assurance more complete, "Yea," only "yea," was whisper'd me, and then A silence that was unto it, Amen.

"Doth any love me there," I said, "or mark Within the dull, cold flint the fiery spark One moment flashing out into the dark?

"My spirit glow'd, yet burn'd not to a clear, Warm, steadfast flame, to lighten or to cheer"; The sweet voice said, "By things which do appear

We judge amiss. The flower which wears its way

Through stony chinks, lives on from day to day, Approved for living, let the rest be gay

And sweet as Summer! Heaven within the reed Lists for the flute-note, in the folded seed It sees the bud, and in the Will the Deed."



#### 1867

### OH, AMIABLE, LOVELY DEATH!

"THE Spring was cold and tardy; with the Summer came a lingering blight; now it is Autumn the flowers bloom.

"From the garden rises a heavy odour, the scent of flowers or of wine; is it of the rose?"
"No she is long ago faded."

"It is of the clove, that says, 'Love was given me for a treasure; I guarded it well, and lo, it has broken my heart.'"

"Are these the trailing wreaths of the woodbine, the woodbine warm and dusk as a night of summer that crept through and through the blossomed hedge-rows, wooing the sweet-brier to her clasp?"

"These are the tendrils of the passionflower, dim of hue and scentless, the passionflower that loves but does not woo; she carries n her heart the tokens of an eternal torture."

"What is this fair blossom that floats down-

ward so lightly? did it fall from the almondscented hawthorn that the children loitered in the lanes to gather? they brought it home in boughs and garlands."

"It fell from the death-struck jessamine, loosened from its dark foliage; wouldst thou carry its spray in thy hand, or wear it awhile on thy bosom? the flowers drop to earth like falling stars.

"Yet thou art fair, my garden; bloom, bloom out thy little hour, soon the Winter comes.

"Let the sworded lilies, blood-red, deathpale, flash in the broad light of noon, and let the sun-flower droop upon its golden stalk."



I HEARD a sound as of a parting that was all but eternal, of sobs and of farewell kisses, and through them all went a sigh so deep that no other sigh could follow it.

I saw a tear gather slowly beneath a darken-

ing eyelid; but before it fell, it was wiped away by the hand of God.

The spirit hung for a moment above the clay it was deserting; it was free, it was happy, yet love and pity enchained it still.

How close, how kind were the kisses it left upon that ashen cheek and lip and forehead. They spoke of things that it is not possible for life to utter.

They murmured, Oh, how much have we endured together! each suffering we have made each other suffer; our existence was but a mutual wrong.

Close, close as was the bond that joined us there was one that ever came between; there was one with us that was nearer than sleep, than love, than prayer.

It was pain that watched beside us while we slept unsleeping, that made haste to wake before our waking, withering up delight and love.

Pain, that wove itself between us in fiery links and meshes; our ring, our chain, our troth-plight of union; often but for pain, we knew not that we indeed lived.

A mighty one hath broken its fetters; the

king hath sent and delivered us; the prince of the people hath bid us be free;

We are free, yet we are still united, oh, my companion, thinkest thou that I do not love thee still?

Once again shall I behold thee; fair shalt thou be and young, beloved and desired of all; but unto none wilt thou be so fair as unto me.

Then pure and swift shall I rush to greet thee, I shall dwell within thee for ever, as the flame shut within the glancing opal, as the perfume within the bell of the hyacinth; we shall be one in beauty and in joy.

Slowly in the still air of eternity shall we unfold together. Ages upon ages are too short to sum up our perfect bliss.

But now I go to rest within the smile of God, sunshine shall be given me for a garment.

Yea, in me there is now no darkness, gaze down within me, I am pure, a well springing up unto everlasting life.

Give thou thyself meanwhile to the earth's dark bosom, scatter thyself upon the winds of heaven, melt in the beaded bubble and glitter in the fiery spark.

Whirl and scream with the white sea-fowl,

and mount with them upon the eddying wave; speak in the dark thunder of waters roaring to their mighty fall.

Dance with the motes in the slanting sunbeam, star thyself in the glittering crystal, live awhile in the seed, in the flower, in the fading leaf, in the countless blossoms of the appletree, in the meadow-sweets' foam-white plume.

Hide thyself among the thick-springing blades of grass, amid the hot drifting desert sands, so shalt thou escape Pain that hath hunted and tracked thee still.

But come to me sometimes in the evening; sing thy clear song of victory and undying love.

Sing to me when the shadows lengthen, a little brown bird that bears upon its breast a ruddy stain.

And I will lean out of Heaven and hearken, I will hear thee from among the harps of gold.



THE summer is over and the harvest ended, the songs of the vintage cease;

Yet before I die will I chant my solemn death-stave; let the woods be silent while I sing.

Royally they stand up round me, they gleam in gold and in scarlet, robed in the purple to which they were not born.

But the baptism of death is on them, they have been signed with a fiery sign.

Yet another day and their boughs will be stark and leafless; sing through them, thou wild rejoicing wind.

I have asked little of earth, and that little has been still denied me; now that I must leave her she gives me all.

A robe hast thou fashioned for me, oh, my mother! smooth and green and fine is it as satin, it is woven without seam throughout.

Fair is it and richly broidered, from my head even to my feet it shall enfold me closely as the clasp of a loving hand.

So that pain shall not glide within it, though it be lithe and searching as the cold fanged snake, desire, nor weariness, nor vain regret; this garment is unfretted by the moth.

And when my mother puts this fair robe upon me, she will press me to her bosom, oh, so closely!

That there will be no space left between us any more for anguish, no room for the dull unceasing pang.

No chiding word will pass between us, she will take me to the chambers where all her children sleep; quiet are they, deep and full of slumber.

None watch over those sleepers, yet is their rest unbroken; no wail is there, no echo of song or of laughter, but a silence that is sweeter than all.

I shall not dream there, neither shall I lie wakeful, listening for a footfall to break the stillness, or for a voice that might repeat my name.

If the bird sing above me I shall not hear it, nor heed if the dews fall sweetly and the early flowers spring.

For the heavens shall be clear above me, clear to their very depths, without cloud or stain;

Terrible in their clearness even as the burning sapphire, I shall look up through them to the throne of God.

Light shall be spread round me like a garment, but from the heavens a tear will fall,

A tear will fall upon my bosom, one tear from His eye that wept over the grave of Lazarus.



VERY excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God! far, far across the desert have I seen thy fringe of lofty palms, and above them thy glittering domes and spires.

And my soul hath desired thee exceedingly; yea, I have longed to enter within thy courts, but not because of the scent of thine ivory palaces, raftered with the fragrant cedar;

Nor yet for the murmur of thy clear fountains, nor the shadow of thy pleasant trees, yielding fruits of healing and desire;

Nor to listen to the songs of the angels, or to the sweeter voice that I once loved so well on earth;

Not to look upon the face of lover or of friend departed, nor upon Thine, Jesus, beloved of God and of men!

Yea, let me hear thy voice, for it is sweet, and let me look upon thy countenance, for it is

comely: yet is there One unfound, desired above all!

Him, whom I have sought unceasingly, my Father, whom I have sought and have not found.

Pleasure hath not held me back from Thee, oh my Father; but pain, disquietude, and restless doubt.

Like a child bewildered in an untracked forest, because I heard not Thy voice, I was afraid.

What though my feet sank deep in brown, golden mosses, and from the boughs above me hung ropes of gorgeous flowers?

What availed the dusk splendours of the moth that flitted across my solitary path, or the glory of the crested bird that lighted up the wood's dim heart with flame?

When it was my Father's voice I needed, His kind re-assuring eye I sought. My Father's hand laid upon my head to bless me, His hand that took my own within its guiding clasp.

These things that He hath fashioned are fair and wondrous, but strength is a pitiless giant, and skill is a dumb artificer, and beauty hath but a cold, alluring smile.

There is one that is more great than these, the Father, whose Name is Love.

Strong is He, yet patient and pitiful, a Creator to whom nothing lives in vain.

In my heart hath He traced His image, in my bosom is there a mirror hid.

To glass back His likeness in perfection, I held it up to the earth and sky.

But it flashed and shivered into a thousand fragments, how should it give back my Father's smile?

In the world which He had made was beauty; anguish also, and discord, irony, haste, and bitter incompletion.

The dove mound softly in the woodland, and through the thicket gleamed the rustling snake; the leopard was as lovely as the fawn.

In the Word which He had spoken was terror; the sword and the mountain that burned with fire, clouds and hailstones and thick darkness, the light of the arrow, and the shining of the glittering spear.

The Lord is a man of war, the Lord of Battles is His Name.

Yet hath He sent us His beloved Son, to show us plainly of the Father. Jesus, Thy deeds were gentle, yet who hath spoken words so austere as Thine?

Thou hast told us of utter separation, Thou hast shown us a place where the tear falls in vain.

And yet Thou didst teach us to say, Our Father, Our Father which art in Heaven.

Therefore have I sought a city; a city that needeth not the sun to lighten it, for its light is the light of God.

Yea, though that light were sevenfold, I shall feel through it all a searching ray;

And I shall know that my Father's smile has reached me; I shall hear a voice, that says to me, "My child."



On my heart hath a thought fallen, making all the waters of earth bitter.

. I saw Youth stand up, strong and lovely, and on its lips was a word of promise,

A word that should overcome all things; but to what child of Adam hath the promise of that word been kept?

And if in life there is decay and harsh illu-

sion, why should we look to death to be more just, and kind?

Why should God's faithfulness be made known in the grave, or His loving-kindness shown in the land where all things are forgotten?

On earth is hate and discord, and we say these things are but for a day, but if for a day why not for ever?

If light reigned would it endure the darkness even for a moment? And if love is vanquished now, why should we deem that it shall triumph hereafter?

Humanity stands up in strength and anguish; a blind giant wrapt in an envenomed mantle.

It struggles, but it is not freed; it strides on hastily, age after age, yet it comes not nearer its goal.

In the universe, there is care and love abroad, the traces of a fashioning and guiding hand.

The pink sea-shell is flushed with beauty, warm, rose-tinted, myriad-hued, a chamber for exquisite delight.

The flower of the field is happy, it needs neither shelter nor love,

For it is at peace with all around it, with the dews, the sunshine, with the earth's dark kindly breast.

Things unbeloved are safe and cared for; the limpet fastens upon the storm-beaten rock, the moss and the lichen seek out the grey desolate wall.

But the life that was formed for love and joy is blighted, and the heart of man wanders and hath not found its home.



# Second Part



"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Galatians vi. 14.

E

#### L'ENVOI

MY root of life is in Thy grave,
This flower that blooms above
I have no care to keep or save,
Its hues are dim, its stay is brief,
I know not if its name be grief,
Oh! let it pass for Love.

Oh! let it pass for Love, dear Lord, And lift it from Thy tomb, A little while upon Thy breast To yield its scent and bloom; In life, in dying to be blest It needs but little room!



### A PASTORAL

A SIMPLE shepherd I,
Unskill'd to guard or tend
My flocks that wander slow,
But little prized by friend,
But little feared by foe;
Yet sweet and many are the songs I know.

In youth no gentle art
Was mine to learn or teach;
As shepherds wont, my speech
Was rude, unapt to reach
The ear, or win the heart,
Till, where moist willows grew, a slender reed
I found, and fashioned fitly to my need.

Then from the sedgy brook,
Where yet its kindred shook,
A sigh so deep, so sweet, so piercing broke,

## A Pastoral

That ere I knew, a sigh
Went back in fond reply,
And on my lips a sudden song awoke.

46

With each warm tender thing
That thrusts its head in spring,
From earth's dark breast, my spirit communed
free;

A soul that loves and grieves
Would speak from out the leaves,
The clouds stole down the hills to talk with me.

And oft with unconfess'd
Fond instinct, only guess'd,
Through some quick pressure, all the silent
air,
The while I sang, would fill
With light, would throb and thrill

As if a mighty heart were beating there.

And while I sang, the swains
That listen'd, straight forgot
How fierce upon the plains
The sun, the shepherd's lot
How hard—their slender gains,
Their ceaseless, thankless toils, remembering not.

And while I sang, the maid
On tiptoe unafraid
Would steal at shut of eve, and linger long,
With parted lips, and shy
Sweet, unaverted eye,
Forgetting still the singer in the song.

I sang of war, of love,
Of gods that reign above
In bliss, of men that suffer—still I sung
Of deeper pangs, of tears
More sweet, that fell in years
Of broader flight, while yet our earth was young.

So sang I until song
Forsook me; I would tell
How this my strain so well
Beloved, beloved so long,
Fell from my lips, as falls the star,
As falls the leaf, to dwell
(If yet it lives) apart, afar
Like echo shut within a secret dell.

It was the summer prime
Of noon, the sleeping time
Of Pan, no leaflet stirr'd, yet from the ground

## 48 A Pastoral

Whereon I lay, the clear

Low breathing met mine ear

Of woods, rocks, vales, and hills in slumber bound.

And on the air a slow
Sweet shining now would grow,
And o'er the sunny spaces flit and fail,
As if beloved and fair,
Earth softly, unaware,
Smiled 'neath the secret of her folded veil.

Beneath the beechen shade
The golden sunbeams stray'd
In sleep, my flock slept round me, all was still;
When from afar I caught
A flute's clear note, methought
Some shepherd bids me to a contest of sweet
skill.

It ceased, and at its close
A Voice in song arose,
So sword-like sweet, it seem'd to cleave the thin
Warm air, and still, with soft
Delay, to question oft,
And still to woo, and evermore to win.

This was no ancient tale
Of flying nymph, or bold
Free hunter, this no old
Fond funereal wail
For Youth slow fading by a fountain's side
And yet a high lament
Through all its changes went,
It told of One that loved, it told of One that
died.

It told of rude disgrace,
And of an anguish'd face
It told, methought; and of a wounded Friend.
Of pain it told, and shame;
Of love that overcame
Through simple skill of loving to the end.

A silence on the plain,
A silence on the hill,
To hear that song again,
I listen, listen still.
Oh, sweet to me my vain
Old songs and stories free,
Thy story sad and plain
Is now more sweet to me.

## A Pastoral

50

Take, Shepherd, take thy prize,
For who like thee can sing?
No fleece of mingled dyes,
No apples fair, I bring;
No smooth two-handled bowl,
Wrought with the clasping vine—
Take, take my heart and soul,
My songs, for they are thine!

Oh! sing thy song again,
And these of mine may pass
As quick as summer rain
Dries on the thirsty grass.
Thou wouldst not do me wrong,
Thou wilt not silent be;
Thy one, thy only song,
Dear Shepherd, teach to me!



#### 1865

#### A MYSTERY

"Ego autem dico in Christo et in Ecclesia."

A BIRD sings clear within the darkling wood;
Sing sweet, oh bird, though wounded be thy breast;

Although thy song of few be understood, A song of love is thine—a song of rest.

A rose beneath it blooms—a rose unfed By earthly mould, unnourish'd by the dew, Yet rich the rose's fragrance, ruby red In every leaf, as if its heart burn'd through.

And when the bird is silent, then the rose Gives forth no odour, yields no light nor bloom— Death-stricken pale, its petals shrink and close,

And all the air grows silent as a tomb.

## A Mystery

52

And when the bird sings clearest most it grieves O'er its deep wound; then from its heart o'erflows

A crimson drop, that on the rose's leaves Falls with the song, then sweetest is the rose.



#### 1863

## QUIS SEPARABIT?

AM no warrior. Lo,
What skill have hands like mine the sword to wield?

A singer of old songs, I wander slow
By many a haunted stream, by many a field;
Where, stooping down, I yet can hear the low
Hoarse battle murmur ring from lance and shield.

Amid thick woods I stray, where long ago
Fond lovers met; and oft a darker thrill
Steals from some spot whereon no grasses grow,
No kind rains fall, no breezes lightly blow.
Enough of love, enough of grief, I know,
Enough of crime! Earth's story chains me
still.

What marvel, then, that me a cruel foe Should track from grove to stream with stealthy skill?

# 54 Quis Separabit?

What marvel, then, that on the waters' flow Strange sounds should rise to me instinct with ill?

Strange aspects gleam from out the wood, and low

And mocking voices reach me from the hill?

I was not strong to fight, nor swift to fly,
Oh! let me reach the mountain or I die!
But as I cross'd a level plain the air
Grew still as death; the singing lark dropp'd mute

Beside the daisy wither'd to its root.

Then came an ice-cold wind, and suddenly

The storm brake forth; then saw I lifted high

The Cross stand bare between the darken'd

sky

And pallid earth; as close as can despair I clasp'd my arms about it.

### Here I die.

I know these slinging shafts, these darts of fire,

That mingle with the arrowy sleet and hail.

Here hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy!

And yet rejoice not thou, by strength shall none prevail.

By noon thine arrows fly;

None faileth of its mark; thou dost not tire;

And yet rejoice not thou! Each shaft of fire

That finds me here becomes a living nail.

What strength of thine, what skill can now avail

To tear me from the Cross? My soul and heart

Are fasten'd here! I feel the cloven dart
Pierce keenly through. What hands have
power to wring

Me hence? What voice can now so sweetly sing
To lure my spirit from its rest? Oh! now
Rejoice, my soul, for thou
Hast trodden down thy foeman's strength
through pain.

Who speaketh now of peace?
Who seeketh for release?
The Cross is strength, the solemn Cross is gain,
The Cross is Jesu's breast,
Here giveth He the rest
That to His best belov'd doth still remain.

How sweet an ended strife! How sweet a dawning life!

# 56 Quis Separabit?

Here will I lie as one that draws his breath
With ease, and hearken what my Saviour saith
Concerning me; the solemn Cross is gain;
Who willeth now to choose?
Who strives to bind or loose?
Sweet life, sweet death, sweet triumph and sweet pain.



#### 1863

#### THE CROSS

"WHAT came ye forth to see?
The desert paths are drear;
The desert air is still,
What came ye forth to hear?
A whisper 'mid the reeds,
Or voice of one that pleads,
Persuading soft, or prophet's voice austere?"

"I came not forth to look
For prophet or for seer,
For word from lip or book
I wait not, waiting here;
Where neither speech nor voice
Is heard, my spirit's choice
Abides, for unto me
The Lord hath show'd a Tree."

"What wouldst thou with this tree, Bare, leafless, gaunt? On thee It drops no tendril now, It stretches forth no bough.

Behold the woods, the summer woods are fair;

On Lebanon the oak
Stands with its heart unbroke
In giant strength; what green leaves tremble
there!

The very gourd that springs
And dies within a day,
Will spread its fan-like wings
To shade thee while it may;
The rose is sweet ere yet it pass away,
The lily blooms and fades in still decay.

"Thou lovest well the slow

Sweet lapse of running waters o'er the stone,
The song of birds at early morn, the low

Light, ruffling winds; what findst thou here?

a moan:

What hearest thou? a sigh Half utter'd, 'twixt the sky And earth, from age to age that seems to die.

"No bird upon this tree Will sit and sing to thee;

No flower will spring beneath; all hurry by That pass this place; the vine No cluster yields, for wine None ask, and here the merry-hearted sigh."

"Yet hence I will not stir;
What healing gums distil
From out this tree! Of myrrh
The mount is this, of frankincense the hill,
And all around are fair
Broad meads, with shepherds there
That feed and guard their flocks contented still.

"By Sinai long I stay'd,

And heard a voice that spake to me, 'This do,

And thou shalt live'; but when more close I drew,

I saw with hidden fire the mountain shake;

Upon the air I heard the trumpet break

Long, loud and louder yet; what hope had I

When even Moses said, 'I fear and quake—

Let not God speak unto me, lest I die!'

 $\mathbf{F}$ 

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"To Tabor then I came.

How fair, methought, how pleasant is this place,

How green and still! Then, Jesus, on Thy face I look'd, and it was comely; full of grace And truth Thy lips as one whom God hath blest. Here then, methought, for ever I will rest, Here will I build my shrine, and pay my yows;

But while in sweet content
To pluck fresh boughs I went,
Peter and James and John,
Yea, Jesus too, had gone,
And I was left amid the wither'd boughs.

"At length another place
I reach'd at noon; the trodden ground was bare;
Of a great multitude I saw the trace,
But all was silent now; no marvel there
My eyes beheld, no law
I heard, no vision saw,
Save Jesus only, Him, the Crucified.
I saw my Lord that look'd on me and died.

"Here will I see the day Pass by, the shadows creep Around me; here I pray,
And here I sing and weep;
Here only will I sleep
And wake again; I keep
My watch beneath this tree
The Lord hath show'd to me."



#### 1868

## A SONG OF JOY AND PAIN

"I, the Lord, have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish."—

Exekiel xvii. 24.

THOU sign of all our loss,
Thou sign of all our gain,
O strange, sweet, solemn cross,
I hail thee! and again
I hail thee! here through pain
Joy breaks, Love conquereth,
And here through bitter death
The Lord of life doth reign.

Speak not unto me, Life!

Thy voice that loves and grieves
I hear; the gentle strife
Of birds among the leaves,
Fond tones that in their flow
Make sudden pause and grow

To sweeter silence; sound of summer rain,
And children's voices down the homeward lane
That pass; prayer's constant low
Sweet pleading voice I hear;
The blow, the scoff, the jeer,
The curse, the maddening whip, the clanking chain.

The bitter laugh far sadder than the tear,
All these alike are thine! I know
Not what thy language means, confused and
vain;

Now let death talk with me, its speech is plain.

Now let death speak with me, Thy death, my God,

Thy words upon the cross were plain and few; It is my brother's blood that from the sod Cries out of better things than Abel's knew. Through dark decay it pleads, through sullen care;

It wins a triumph over earth's despair;
It turns to truth Life's failing prophecy,
It tells us that the Lord of Heaven was brave
And strong, and resolute in love to save
The world that He had made, yet could but
die!

Then let me also go
And die with Him! why strive I for this crown
Of fading leaves desired of all below,
Love, pleasure, sweet content and fair renown;
Why weep for flowers that fell too soon to spread
And drink the glory of the summer noon,
Sweet buds of promise quickly withered,
That died, unkiss'd of June?
Behold, my God doth choose
The thorn, the rose refuse;
Lord is He of delight
And gladness infinite,
Yethath Hepluck'd no flower from all that bloom,
But in our earth's fair garden made His tomb.

Hail, blessed Cross! how bold

Thou makest me! how strong! no more I weep
O'er giant cities now the dragon's fold,
O'er mighty empires breathed to dust away;
No more a tearful chronicle I keep
Of all that passes ere our mortal day
Hath pass'd; nor grieve that in earth's fruitful
deep

Warm soil, my life hath struck but slender hold; All things must change, and into ruin, cold, And darkness pass and perish, yet behold!

All fades not with the fading leaf! To me
The Lord hath shewed a tree!

And many a leaf on me Hath fall'n from off this tree Of healing power! I know Not yet how near the skies Its lofty stem will rise; Nor guess how deep below To what drear vaults of woe Its roots will pierce; I see Its boughs spread wide and free, And fowls of every wing Beneath them build and cling. Hail, blessed Cross! I see My life grow green in thee! My life that hidden, mute Lives ever in thy root, When life fails utterly; All hail, thou blessed Tree!

Quod stultum est Dei, sapientius est hominibus: Et quod infirmum est Dei, fortius est hominibus.

# 66 Summa Theologiæ

#### 1868

#### SUMMA THEOLOGIÆ

"In the cross of Christ excess in man is met by excess in God; excess of evil is mastered by excess of love."

BOURDALOUE.

NOW let me turn aside,
And look on this great Sign, uplifted high,
Where a broad river runs down silently
Until it reach the white and misty shore,
Margin to unknown worlds, where evermore
The deep sea moans and is not satisfied,
And life meets death in marshes wild and wide.

Above the meads in May,

Above the summer gardens of delight,

Above the gloomy forests where by night

The fierce beasts roam, and ask of God their pray;

Above the crowded city wild with sin, Above the pleasant home by love shut in, O'er all that blessed, blesses—all that curst—Accurses! mute above our best and worst, I see it rise, a strange, appealing sign.

Its shadow falls upon a region old

And wasted by the spoiler; thick with graves,

And pierced with sunless caverns, where, for
gold,

Slaves toil unceasing, bound by stronger slaves.

A land of mighty hunters; he who flies

The arrow, lights upon the deadly snare,—

The lash and lure are theirs, behind them lies

A desert that was once a garden fair,

And after them a fire breaks forth that feeds

On the broad cedars, on the quivering reeds,

Fann'd by swift winds that sway its flickering

spire;

Yet would man snatch and win life's goodly prize,

Yet would he venture, conquer, and aspire,— Now will I look upon my God that dies.

Enough of man's excess! His waste and wassail trampling out his wine, With hasty heel, from youth, joy, tenderness, Now will I turn, my God, and look on Thine.

## 68 Summa Theologiæ

Profuse wert Thou Thy prodigal to bless, Nor hast Thou spared from out the purple vine A rich, full-mingled cup, to strain, and press, And meet his loss with usury divine.

Now let me turn my gaze
On Love's best archer, sorely bitten, thrown
Aside by all his comrades, through amaze
And anguish of his wound, to die alone;
Yet he, sore-smitten archer, may not die!
Forsaken, shunned, abhorred and desolate,
Yet shall his arrows win back victory,
His bow arrest a doubtful combat's fate,
And he shall conquer surely, conquering late.

He saith to us, "Awhile,
A little while and ye shall see Me." Lo!
On this our earth quick bitter harvests grow;
So must Love's patience slowly reconcile,
Pain, pleasure, death, together banded, mow,
And reap, nor care to gather in their sheaves,—
It is my God alone who waits and grieves;
Slow is His agony, His guerdon slow.

Yet for no other sign
I ask; I read within no other book,

When I within my God's deep heart would look

I turn not to His earth nor heavens that shine
And burn from age to age, yet speak no word:
Let my God speak to me! for I have heard
Strange voices on the earth, strange marvels seen;
While the blue, silent heavens look'd on serene,
And the white moon-beam brought its message
clear,

Man's goodly frame was in the market sold By men, and woman's smile made cheap for gold,

—Yet Thou, oh God! didst buy the soul more dear!

So let the earth be old, And, like a wicked Fate, from off her reel Spin evil changes,—let the skies in cold Clear splendour arch us in a vault of steel; The heavens are far away, yet God is near;

I find a need divine
That meeteth need of mine;

No rigid fate I meet, no law austere;

I see my God who turns,

And o'er His creature yearns,—
Upon the cross God gives, and claims the tear.

# 70 Summa Theologiæ

And from this soul His love, The slighted human soul that men despise, Shall yet work out a wondrous work, above All wonders of His earth and seas and skies;

Love, love that once for all did agonize, Shall conquer all things to itself! if late Or soon this fall, I ask not nor surmise,— And when my God is waiting I can wait!

> Thristus crucifirus, Dei potentia ac Dei sapientia!



#### 1868

#### SPONSALIA AMORIS ET DOLORIS

"BEHOLD these lovers, that with looks elate Upon each other gaze! who may they be But Francis with his vow'd, his chosen mate, His dearest Poverty!"

So Dante spake; "her kind First husband 'dead, she lived withdrawn from sight,

Nor ever thought a second spouse to find, A second troth to plight."

"With bare and wounded feet
She trod the cruel thorns unwooed till now,
For none but holy Francis guess'd how sweet
The rose-bloom on her brow."

Of her first husband, slighted and obscure,
Thousand and hundred years and more remained
Without a single suitor, till he came."

Paradiso, Canto xi.

And now a lowly pair
They dwell content, possessing and possest,
And day by day grows Poverty more fair,
Grows Francis still more blest.

Yet to a sterner troth

Than Francis pledged, I bind you, spirits high!

Fear not to plight with mine your spousal oath,—

The bride is ever nigh.

But who her hand will fold
In his? her form unto his bosom strain?
What heart so tender found, what heart so bold
To be the mate of Pain?

What eyes can brook the gaze
Of her wild eyes? what ears can bear the moan
She maketh through dark nights and silent days,
That she hath dwelt alone?

Yet fear not thou to take

This woman for thy bride, oh soul elect!

Fear not thy choice, thy pride, thy joy to make

Of her whom all reject!

Oh! fear not thou to grasp
Her shrinking form, nor spare for fond caress,
Only within Love's strictest, closest clasp
Can Anguish learn to bless.

And quail not though she change
Within thine arms to some foul fearful shape,
Still hold her through each aspect wild and
strange,

And let her not escape!

So shall she turn and meet

Thy gaze with ardours, transports all her own,

And give, for thine, look, smile and word more

sweet

Than joy hath ever known.

So shall the willing air

Be wooed with softest marriage peal,—the knell

Toll'd for the passing of a long despair,—

Yea, down to deepest hell

Its sound will pass, and say,
"Rejoice thou under-world! a warfare long,
Confused, hath roll'd to victory away,—
The strong hath met the strong;

"Love weds with Pain,—let Sin

And Death abide, and deem their empire sure,

What now can be too hard for Love to win,

For Anguish to endure?"



#### 1868

# THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB

"The Master sayeth, Where is the guest-chamber, that I may eat the Passover with my disciples?"

NOW Wisdom lifts on high Her voice,—abroad a summons clear she sends

"Come hither, friends, and eat abundantly, Yea, drink, beloved friends!"

My festal board is fair,
My banquet-chamber ready, on its chief
Long waiting, little need the heart prepare
To keep the feast of grief;

My wine is mingled strong
With myrrh! full mingled is it, spiced, and
sweet;

This Passover with bitter herbs how long Have I desired to eat.

G

## 76 The Marriage Supper

Come, eat my bread,—nor shrink
My soul's deep, secret baptism to share;
Be strong, beloved friends, the cup to drink,
The Master's hand doth bear.

Be patient! from the north

The wind blows keen, the garden little yields

Of pleasant fruits, yet hath our Lord gone
forth

To walk among the fields.

His steps have left the flowers,
He feeds no more among the lilies sweet,
A husbandman he toils through long cold hours,
With wounded hands and feet.

Come, reap with Him, for white These fields and ready, thrust the sickle in; The harvest stands but thicker for its blight Of death, woe, want, and sin.

Come, glean the blasted ear
With Him, nor be the wither'd grass forgot
That waves upon the house-tops thin and sere,
By mower gather'd not.

To many a marish place,
Choked with the living wreck that on earth's fair,
Cold bosom drifts awhile and leaves no trace,
I bid your steps repair.

Unto the darken'd mine
I call you now, unto the burning plain,
To cells where fetter'd spirits moan and pine,
Where madness shakes its chain.

I bid you to the drear,
Dark house, unloved of all, where want and age,
Sit day by day,—and turn without a tear
Life's saddest, weariest page.

In homes unblest where care,
Grown fierce and reckless, turns at last and rends
The hearts she broods on; I would meet you
there,

I tryst with you! I bid
Two long predestined lovers held apart,
By seas, storms, graves,—by flaming swords,
unchid,

Now seek each other's heart.

Oh, friends, belovèd friends!

## 78 The Marriage Supper

Grief waits for love,—she turns

To that kind voice, nor will the strangers hear;

Upon her worn and wasted cheeks she yearns

To feel love's burning tear.

Love seeks out grief,—he knows
No lips save his in fondest ministering,
From out her rankling wound, ere yet it close,
Can draw the deadly sting.

He fain unto his breast
Would draw her aching brow; uncomforted
He knoweth she hath dwelt in long unrest,
She may not die unwed.

Hear, Earth and Heaven, their vow!
Whom God hath join'd in one let none divide;
Rejoice, O Heaven! be joyful, Earth, for now
The bridegroom meets the bride!



# Schola Crucis, Schola Lucis 79

#### 1861

## SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS

BENEATH Thy cross I stand,
Jesus, my Saviour, turn and look on me,
Oh! who are these, that one on either hand
Are crucified with Thee?

The one that turns away
With sullen, scoffing lip,—and one whose eyes
Close o'er the words,—" Yet shalt thou be this
day
With Me in Paradise."

Here would I fain behold

This twofold mystery! Love's battle won;

Its warfare ended, and its ransom told,

Its conquest but begun!

I say not to Thee now,
"Come from the cross, and then will I believe";
Oh, lift me up to Thee, and teach me how
To love and how to grieve.

## 80 Schola Crucis, Schola Lucis

Stay on the cross, until
Thou art of all confess'd, of all adored;
Be there each ling'ring heart, each wav'ring will,
Made fast unto its Lord.

I track'd Thy footsteps long,

For where Thou wert, there would Thy servant

be;

But now methought the silence, now the throng, Would part me still from Thee.

I sought Thee 'mid the leaves,
I find Thee on the dry and blasted tree;
I saw Thee not, until I saw the thieves
There crucified with Thee!



#### 1868

## SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES

"Who cometh first, marching before the Divine hosts? Gabriel, accustomed to bring good tidings of great joy to men. He says, 'Lift up yourselves, ye gates; be broken, chains; open, everlasting doors, make a highway for the Lord'; then a shudder passes through Hell, its deep foundations are shaken, prison after prison is broken up, the conquering host penetrates into deeper gulfs. Adam himself, who, as being the first to die, is deepest sunk in death, hears the steps of the Lord visiting the captives, and turning to those who are chained with him, he says, 'I hear the step of some one who draws near to us: if He deigns to descend here we are delivered, if we do but see Him we are saved!' As Adam speaks thus, the Saviour enters bearing His cross. So soon as Adam our father sees Him, he smites upon his breast, and says, 'God our Saviour bringing with Him all His angels.' Jesus answered, 'And bringing with Him thy soul.'"-From a Homily by Epiphanius.

WHAT place is this forlorn,
A palace, or a prison, or a tomb?
What waste, wide world is this, what realm outworn,

Compact of fire and gloom?

### Si Descendero

What aspects vast and drear

Are these that rise around, with eyes for hate

Too blank, that through the darkness search and
peer,

Fix'd in impassive Fate?

82

What sea is this? what shore?
What sullen, tidal moan that still recedes?
What waves are these that cast up evermore
Weeds, foul and clinging weeds?

Weeds, weeds around my hands,
Weeds, weeds around my heart, that choke
and press,

And drag my spirits downwards unto lands Of dire forgetfulness.

Weeds, weeds about my head
Are wrapp'd, I said, "The darkness covers me";
But even while I spake among the dead,
I knew my soul was free.

One cometh on the wings
Of morn, to Him the darkness is as light,
He seeks my soul, He saves it from the kings
Of Hades and of Night.

He cometh, o'er my woes

A victor, purple in His garment's stain,

Red with the life-blood of His conquer'd foes

And mine—death, sin, and pain.

As one that on the vine
Treads in the bursting wine-vat, He hath trod
The press alone, and trampled out a wine
Ripe for the wrath of God.

He binds within His crown

The thorn that rankled with so sharp a pang,

Beneath His kingly heel He treadeth down

The adder's piercing fang.

Before His breath the bands
That held me fall and shrivel up in flame.
He bears my name upon His wounded hands,
Upon His heart my name.

I wait, my soul doth wait

For Him who on His shoulder bears the key;
I sit fast bound, and yet not desolate,
My mighty Lord is free.

### 84 Si Descendero in Infernum

Be thou up-lifted, Door
Of everlasting strength! the Lord on high
Hath gone, and captive led for evermore
My long captivity.

What though these rocks be steep,

The valley dusk, with crowding shadows dim,

Ere Tophet was of old made large and deep,

I was beloved of Him!



### "QUID DIXIT, MARIA?"

WHAT said He, Mary, unto thee?
For it was thine His voice to hear,
When thou wert waiting in the gloom
Of twilight dawn, and by the tomb,
He talk'd with thee when none were near;
Oh, happy thus thy Lord to see!
What said He, Mary, unto thee?"

"Few words He said to me, I hide
Each word He said within my heart;
Fain had I won Him to abide,
Yet soon I knew that I must part
With Him, my Master, Lord, and Guide.
I met His eye, His voice I heard,
I saw His wounded hands and feet,
He call'd me by my name, no word
Was ever to my soul so sweet;
And by His tomb He bade me stay
Until the breaking of the day!"

# 86 Quid Dixit, Maria?

"But see, the hills are all a-glow,
The sunrise cleaves its path of gold
Through many a darken'd valley low,
And fires the mountain summits cold.
What flowers unclose! what herbs of price!
What costly gums for sacrifice
Are dropping now!" "The hills are high,
I cannot reach them, lest I die;
And by His cross He bid me dwell
Until the evening shadows fell."

"Yet rise, thy Lord hath risen! Behold, From Hades now He bears away
The gates, and snatches from the hold
Of death and sin a mighty prey;
His soul hath pass'd afar! to Him
The darkness shines as doth the day!
Why linger 'mid the shadows dim?
Why watch the place where Jesus lay?"

"Beside His tomb, beside His cross
He bade me rest! Ye speak in vain
Who have not known my gain nor loss;
The Master's words are kind and plain,
He calls the wounded not to pain,
The weary unto conflict sore;

He bids the wayworn not again Retrace their fruitless wanderings o'er; He led me to this place! He knew My soul upon the burning plain Where riseth from the earth no dew, Where falleth from the heavens no rain; He track'd my steps 'mid forests old And tangled, where the flowers awake In torrid midnight gloom, and hold Death's revel in the jungle brake; Yea! he hath known my soul in cold, The deadly frost that none can bide, The formless vapours, white and dim, Became my shroud, and yet from Him Conceal'd me not! whate'er betide I clasp the cross! the earth is wide, And drear, and old! the heavens are far! For guide to me He gave no star, But near His cross He bid me stay Until the shadows fled away!

"To me He said not, 'Thou shalt rise With Me, thy risen Lord this day, And be with Me in Paradise,' Beside the cross He bade me stay; He met me in the garden's gloom,

# Quid Dixit, Maria?

88

But to that garden, sweet and dim,
Or through its angel-guarded gate,
He sent me not! I wait for Him
Beside His cross, beside His tomb;
I wait for Him, my soul doth wait,
And by the cross I will abide,
And keep the word my Lord hath given.
Except the cross and Him who died
Upon it, now in earth or Heaven
What own I, claim I? now below
I seek no further, here is woe
Assuaged for ever; now above
I look no longer; here is love!



# Third Part



"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the lesh I live by the faith of the Son of Bod, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Galatians ii. 20.

#### L'ENVOI

TO me how many tasks

Love gave in youth, and I was well content;
Only to stand and wait a lover asks;

And yet my spirit, bent
By pain and strife, forewent
Its steadfast service long
Ere the sweet evensong.

Yet oft will Love return

And sweetly talk with me, most like a friend

Austere and proved, whose words, perchance, are stern,

Yet in whose eyes (that while he speaketh bend

To meet my own) such gentleness I find,

That all his speech seems pitiful and kind.

Love saith to me, "Repent";
Love saith to me, "Believe";
Love sayeth oft-times, "Grieve
That thou hast little lent,
That thou hast little given,
To Him, thy Lord in Heaven,
And when He cometh what wilt Thou receive?"

Love sayeth to me, "Pray
That thou mayst meet that day
Desired yet feared"; and oft-times love again
Repeats these words, and oh! my spirit then,
What sayest thou? "I say
To all Love sayeth, Yea,
Yea evermore, and evermore Amen!"



### THE SUN-FLOWER

TILL the slow daylight pale,
A willing slave, fast bound to one above,
I wait; he seems to speed, and change, and
fail;

I know he will not move.

I lift my golden orb

To his, unsmitten when the roses die,

And in my broad and burning disk absorb

The splendours of his eye.

His eye is like a clear

Keen flame that searches through me; I must droop

Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his sphere;

To mine he cannot stoop.

H

### 92 The Sun-Flower

I win not my desire,

And yet I fail not of my guerdon; lo!

A thousand flickering darts and tongues of fire

Around me spread and glow;

All ray'd and crown'd, I miss
No queenly state until the summer wane,
The hours flit by; none knoweth of my bliss,
And none has guess'd my pain;

I follow one above,
I track the shadow of his steps, I grow
Most like to him I love
Of all that shines below.



#### March 1869

### SITA

Sita, the divine spouse of Rama, is torn from him by evil genii, under whose power she long remains. When after a protracted separation, Sita is again restored to Rama, he turns from her coldly, under the idea that during her cruel bondage and long wanderings she may have met with contamination. She appeals to the ordeal of fire and flings herself within it, adjuring the flame, as searching all things, to bear witness to her purity. The fire restores her "faultless, pure, immaculate, one who has never offended against her lord in speech, in heart, in eyes."

# DEATH-SMITTEN with a look

From him she loved, of doubt and question cold,

She turn'd from him she loved without rebuke, And stood amazed; then spake out keen and bold, As one whose grief already is too old For fond reproach:

"All pain except this pain, To live and meet his cold averted eye; All shame, except his lofty, still disdain; All other outrage schemed 'twixt earth and sky I have endured for ages, still upborne By thought of Rama's love; I meet his scorn; Come Fire, and end this undream'd agony."

And even while she spake

She fell a flame within the flame, as light

As melts upon the stream a snowy flake

The fire sent forth—a thousand lambent bright

Swift flickering tongues, each one that did proclaim

Her pure and stainless, "Sita, free from blame." The flame caress'd her scarlet vesture's pride, No flower that garlanded her forehead shrank, Her bosom glow'd; as one that doth deride Her fate she stood serene as though she drank The flame's fierce breath.

Then sang she, "Oh, thou keen Attesting flame! Thou callest me by name, Thou sayest to me, Welcome, free from blame In thought, word, deed, unstain'd! and yet the same

Were I, still Sita, still a blameless Queen, Hadst Thou too join'd with all to work me shame! Had all on Earth made cause
With all in Heaven to drag me unto ill,
I had been ever pure, and to the laws
That bound me ever true! rememb'ring still,
Rama's deep eyes, and all the heaven we shared
'Mid the high hills, in many a balmy cleft,
And chasm the warm thunder scarce had left.
Yea! let my spirit to its depths be bared,
Still were I pure! though ages past away,
And found me still the demon's scoff and prey
Through spells accurst, or left me drifted, driven
Through Hell's wide vaults; still trampled on,
despised,

My soul was his, although our lives were riven, Yea, scorn'd and outraged, agonized, abhorr'd, Still I was Rama's love, and he was Sita's Lord!

And Thou, oh, champion, late

And sure! Thou Fire that, searching all things,
dost proclaim

Me pure and stainless! Sita, free from blame!

Hadst thou, too, leagued thyself with iron Fate,
Hadst join'd the cruel earth and bitter sky

To leave forsaken Sita desolate;

Then from itself unto itself my soul

Would witness to the whole;

Still to itself my heart would testify And prove me Sita! Sita still the pride Of Heaven, the cherish'd Bride Of Rama, fair and uncontaminate."

She ceased, nor to the sky Nor sun appealing turned; nor yet the eye Of Rama sought; but stood as one compelled To speak the words she utter'd, not in pride, Nor wrath, nor scorn, but even as impell'd By stedfast truth. So stood she, self-upheld, And before all the worlds, self-justified.



### EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI

THOU gavest me no kiss,
Jesus, my Master! oft I sadly thought
Perchance Thou choosest to be found unsought;
And I was ever seeking! yet in this
I cannot change, and even should I miss
Thee on thy way, yet here I will abide,
And track Thy foot-prints to the dark stream's side.

Thou gavest unto me

No sign! I knew no loving secret, told

As oft to men beloved, and I must hold

My peace when these would speak of converse high;

Jesus, my Master, yet I would be nigh When these would speak, and in the words rejoice,

Of them who listen to the Bridegroom's voice.

## 98 Expectans Expectavi

Thou gavest unto me

No goodly gift, no pearl of price untold,

No signet-ring, no ruby shut in gold,

No chain around my neck to wear for pride,

For love no token in my breast to hide;

Yea! these, perchance, from out my careless

hold

Hedeliand perchance corresponds a provide and

Had slipped, perchance some robber shrewd and bold

Had snatch'd them from me! so Thou didst provide

For me, my Master kind, from day to day;

And in this world, Thine Inn, Thou badst me
stay,

And saidst,—"What Thou spendest, I will pay."

I never heard Thee say

"Bring forth the robe for this My son, the best,"
Thou gavest not to me, as unto guest
Approved, a festal mantle rich and gay;
Still singing, ever singing, in the cold
Thou leavest me, without Thy Door to stay;
Now the Night draweth on, the Day is old,
And Thou hast never said,—"Come in, my
Friend,"—

# Expectans Expectavi

Yet once, yea twice, methinks Thy love did send

A secret message,—"Bless'd unto the end Are they that love and they that still endure." Jesus, my Saviour, take to Thee Thy poor, Take home Thy humble Friend.



### ELECTION

WHO shall the secret learn
Of Thine exclusion stern?
Thy word, Thy world write bitter things and
plain,
Yet doth the heart appeal,
From lore their books unseal,

From lore their books unseal,

And ask, "Can aught that lives love, suffer,
yearn in vain?"

Pain shall my witness be
That I am loved by Thee;
Before Thy worlds were framed, within Thy
Book

Were all my members writ;
Upon my substance, yet
Unfashion'd, Thou didst look:
Then from Thy breath was lit
A furnace, deep and vast;
Yet didst Thou weigh the blast

The while Thou feedest the keen flame, and see The sum of things Thou didst prepare for me.

> Need shall my witness be That I am loved of Thee;

No work of Thine, my God, is from Thee thrown

With careless hand! sun, moon, and steadfast star,

And wave that moans and strives against its bar

Is held to Thee! the moss unto its stone.

Thou takest care for all! the spider clings

And lays her hold in palaces of kings,

The fierce beasts roam by night, uncouth and wild

And yet, beloved, Thou wilt not leave Thy child;

Thou wilt not break the reed Which Thou hast bruised; the vine

Unclasp, that seeks to twine

Around the elm, nor bid its tendrils bleed;

Nor will Thy soul reject

Him whom Thou dost elect

To be Thine own through weakness, search, and need.

### Election

102

Love shall my witness be That I am loved of Thee:

The red pomegranate bursts not till it shows
Within its breast the dark, well-ripen'd seed;
The heart most nigh to breaking learns and
knows

The fulness of its wealth through very need; When fire is kindled on the earth it glows In highest Heaven; none run uncall'd, none love Unloved; below, above,

Thy works are many, but Thy Name is One:

Who speaks of doom, of Fate Thou dost predestinate,

Through Love the soul that loves to be Thine own.



Thou hast given me a heart to desire, Thou hast given me a soul to aspire, A spirit to question and plead; I ask not what Thou hast decreed; I think but of love and of need; Thou art rich, Thou art kind, Thou art free;
What joy shall be failing to me
Whom Thou lovest? Thy smile and Thy kiss
Can give me back all that I miss,
In Thy presence is fulness of bliss:
I ask not its nature! I know
It is life, it is youth, it is love,
It is all that is wanting below,
It is all that is waiting above.

Is it peace that I crave? is it rest?
Is it love that would bless and be blest?
All, all that Thou takest away,
Thou canst give me again, in a day,
In an hour, in a moment! Thy hand
Is full, and I open my breast
For the flower of my soul to expand!



#### 1863

### BURIED, BUT NOT DEAD

- " What now dost thou bury
- "So softly and still?
- "Oh! this is the grave
- " Of my own proud will."
- "I bid it sleep softly in Death's little room,
- "And my hopes, too, I bury with it in the tomb."

  DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

BETWIXT the light of the rising sun,
And the light of the waning moon,
Along the grassy forest path,
Fair Knight, thou speedest soon!
A chill faint Dawn is on the sky,
And through the wood a breath
Runs fresh, yet cold as is the sigh
That comes 'twixt life and death.

The forest paths are green and lone,
The forest shade is deep,
The secrets on its stillness thrown
It knoweth well to keep;

And some will seek the forest glade,A deadly strife to end;And some there are will seek its shade,To meet a gentle friend.

Yet on this brow I read no frown
Of foeman's vengeful ire,
And in this quiet eye cast down
No light of soft desire;
Not thus they look who meet by night
Beneath the blossom'd thorn,
And cry, when breaks the Eastern light,
"How quickly comes the morn!"

A little bird upon the bough
Sang clear, a light breeze stirr'd
The thick, dark summer leaves, but now
I know not if he heard
The whisper of the summer leaves,
The carol of the bird.

A little brook beside his way
Ran chafing, chiding long;
I know not if he marked its play,
Or heard its ceaseless song;
At length he near'd a green, smooth place
Within the thickest shade,

A still, fair, solitary place, For quiet spirits made.

And in that solitary place
He knelt and pray'd to God,
I saw no mound beneath his knees,
No heaving of the sod:
Unstirr'd I saw the grasses lie,
Unstirr'd the daisies wave;
A pleasant spot, and yet I knew
He knelt upon a grave.

He lifted up his steel-clad hands,

"I bring to Thee the first,"

I bring to Thee," he said, "the last
Fond hope that I have nursed;

The wish that strengthened with my strength,
And with my being grew;

And the last sweet, silent dream that crept
Close to my heart, and drew
So soft a breath that if it slept
Or woke, I scarcely knew.

On earth, in Heaven, whom have I now
But Thee,—in death, in life?

Oh, bind my spirit with the vow
That makes an end of strife!

"The Dead above their dead may wail,
The living live to Thee,
Oh, First and Last! Thou dost not fail
For Thou art strong; and we,
Thy little ones, are weak and frail,
And Thou, our Lord, art free,
And we with heavy bands are bound;
But now of bond or free
I reck not,—bitter turns to sweet,—
I see Thy hands, I see Thy feet;
My dearest Lord, I see
Thy wounded heart! Oh, be Thou found
For First and Last to me!"

He rose and went upon his way;
A moving to and fro
Was in the woods, as of a calm,
Strong wind that gathers slow:
No dew lay on the grassy dell,
The sky was cloudless-clear,
Yet from the clear, bright heavens there fell
A solitary tear.

And through the woven boughs—I saw
The glory of the sky
I

Look down,—I saw the forest flowers
In quiet bloom and die,—
I saw the lowly grasses bend,
I saw the daisies wave;
Oh! Jesus, loving to the end,
Thou knowest of that grave!



### RECEIVING

"Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor, Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei."

MY heart is fixed on One above,—
To win His smile, to please His eyes
My heart is fain: because I love,
I serve,—nor yet with tears and sighs;
By patient duty love must rise,—
And late and early, far and near
I sought Him gifts; to Him are dear
The things that others still despise.

I sought for Him in Spring-time cold; The trembling palm that comes in haste, The little crocus all in gold, The slender snow-drop, and the bold Mezereon, on its leafless stem, Fair things that do not fear to waste Their gentle souls! and after them

## 110 Receiving

Another store I chanced to find Of things forgotten, left behind.

Some soft white fleece by briers torn From off the flock,—some ear of corn Dropt careless from the gleaner's breast, The last red berry on the thorn, Or prize of some forsaken nest.

There came on earth a weary time; If this be Autumn, where is now
The fruit upon the laden bough,
The harvest redd'ning in the broad
Calm sunshine, where the squirrels hoard,
The winding clear of hunter's horn?
Leaves only, wither'd leaves I found;
A mournful silence, mournful sound
Of wind that rustled through the sere,
Stark boughs, and from the shrunken ear
Shook out the thin and blighted corn.

But while I mourn'd thereat, more clear Than song of bird at Autumn eve, A voice was borne upon mine ear, A voice that said, "Why wilt thou grieve, And must I still from thee receive? How hast thou learnt which pleaseth best The gift thou bringest, or the free Firm open palm held up to me? The less is of the greater blest.

"Remember what on earth I spake."

"Oh then," I said, "at this Thy word
I take Thee now, through zeal I erred,
Through love, that bids me now confess
My fault; to give be Thine! to bless
Is Thine; dear Lord, to Thee I leave
The greater blessing! with the less,
So well content I will not grieve
From Thee for ever to receive,

"And still receive! and never cease To gaze on all this wealth of Thine, To joy in all Thy flocks' increase, Far more than if my cup with wine And oil ran o'er, and store of wheat In finest flour, and honey sweet From out the stony rock were mine!

"'To give than to receive more blest!'
Thou saidest. Oh, Thou Giver free!
Good measure, shaken down and press'd
Together, now I ask from Thee;

## Receiving

112

Oh! give to me, dear Lord, and still
Increase Thy boons! make broad the place
Where Thou dost dwell in me, and fill
My hands with gifts, my heart with grace;
But let me look upon Thy face.
What need to mourn if Thou on mine
But little comeliness should trace
When love can give me all of Thine?
The loved are fair, the loved are dress'd
In garments rich and fresh and rare.
Oh! bless Thou me and I am blest,
Oh! love Thou me and I am fair!"



### DECLENSION AND REVIVAL

"From Me is thy fruit found."—Hosea xiv. 8.

DIE to thy root, sweet flower!
If so God wills, die even to thy root;
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute,
Blank life, with darkness wrapp'd about thy
head,

And fear not for the silence round thee spread, This is no grave, though thou among the dead Art counted, but the Hiding-place of Power; Die to thy root, sweet flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet flower!
When so God wills, spring even from thy root;

Send through the earth's warm breast a quicken'd shoot,

Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower, And lift into the sunny air thy dower

### 114 Declension and Revival

Of bloom and odour; life is on the plains
And in the woods a sound of buds and rains
That sing together; lo! the winter's cold
Is past! sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold;
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power,
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!



#### VESPERS

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
The valley and the hill along;
How sweet the summons, "Come away"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I thought beside the water's flow Awhile to lie beneath the leaves, I thought in Autumn's harvest glow To rest my head upon the sheaves; But, lo! methinks the day was brief And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf I bring, and yet accepted, free, And blest, my Lord, I come to Thee.

What matter now for promise lost, Through blast of Spring or Summer rains!

## 116 Vespers

What matter now for purpose crost, For broken hopes and wasted pains; What if the olive little yields, What if the grape be blighted? Thine The corn upon a thousand fields, Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor; oh, blest In poverty beloved to be!

Less lowly is my choice confess'd,

I love the rich in loving Thee!

My spirit bare before Thee stands,

I bring no gift, I ask no sign,

I come to Thee with empty hands

The surer to be fill'd from Thine!



# "THE MEEK SHALL INCREASE THEIR JOY IN THE LORD"

SO spake the hoary thyme, Half hidden in the grass: I watch from morning prime Until my Lord shall pass.

How bright beneath the sun,
How sweet within the glade,
The flow'rets ope, each one
Beloved by Him who made
His flowers that live in light,
His flowers that live in shade.

The primroses are pale,
Yet fair; the violet grows
Beneath her leafy veil,
And be she pale none knows,
Or be she fair, so sweet her soul that overflows.

### 118 The Meek shall

But all my head is strew'd

With ashes grey; and bent
Beneath the footfall rude,
Steals forth my timid scent,

Crush'd from a leaf that curls its wound to hide content.

Why should my Lord delight
In me? Behold how fair
His garden is! How bright
His roses blowing there;
His lilies all like queens, that know not toil nor care,

In white calm peace on high

Each rears a blossom'd rod;

The gentian low doth lie,

Yet lifts from up the sod

An eye of steadfast blue, that looks up straight to God.

I wait my Lord to greet,
I can but love and sigh;
I watch his eye to meet,

He can but pass me by;
And if his hasty feet
Should crush me, it were sweet
Beneath his feet to die.



H

My Love, my Lord, has gone
Down to his garden fair,
To tell o'er his roses, one by one,
And to gather lilies there;

Now will I rise and sing
A song which I have made,
Unto my Lord the King,
Nor will I be afraid
To ask him of his flowers that spring
In sunshine and in shade.

"Oh, what are these roses bright,
That in thy garland blow?
These roses red as blood,
These roses white as snow?"

### The Meek shall

"These blood-red roses grew
On a field with battle dyed;
These snow-white roses strew
A path that is not wide;
None seek that path but they who seek
Him who was crucified!"

"Oh, what are these lilies tipp'd
With fire, that sword-like gleam?
Oh, what are these lilies dipp'd
As in the pale moon-beam,
That quiver with unsteadfast light,
And shine as through a dream?"

"These fiery spirits pass'd
From earth through sword and flame;
These quiet souls at last
Through patience overcame:
These shine like stars on high, and these
Have left no trace nor name;
I bind them in one wreath, because
Their triumph was the same."

"Oh, what are these flowers that wake
So cheerful to the morn,
All wet with tears of early dew;
And these that droop forlorn,

With heavy drops of night drench'd through?"
"These little flowers of cheerful hue
Familiar by the wayside grew,
And these among the corn.

"And these, that o'er a ruin wave
Their crimson flag, in fight
Were wounded sore, yet still are brave
To greet the scent and sight;
And these I found upon a grave,
All wet with drops of night.

"And some I have that will unfold
When night is dusk and still,
And some I have that keep their hold
Upon the wind-swept hill;
These shrink not from the summer heat,
They do not fear the cold,
And all of these I know for sweet,
For patient and for bold."

"Thou bearest flowers within thy hand,
Thou wearest on thy breast
A flower; now tell me which of these
Thy flowers thou lovest best;
Which wilt thou gather to thy heart
Beloved above the rest?"

### The Meek

"Should I not love my flowers,
My flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unsought, unwatch'd for hours
By any eyes but mine?

122

"Should I not love my flowers?

I love my lilies tall,

My marigolds with constant eyes,

Each flower that blows, each flower that dies

To me, I love them all.

"I gather to a heavenly bower
My roses fair and sweet,
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside my feet."



### March 1869

### CHRIST'S GARLAND

THE world with stately tread

Moves down the terrace walk,

To pluck, from garden bed,

From off its dainty stalk

The rose, the silken rose—the rose whose splendour

Is but the luxury of light grown tender; The rose, that makes the very summer round her More warm, more blissful only to have found her; The golden sunbeams in their falling bless her, The winds that steal her balmy breath caress

e winds that steal her balmy breath caress her;

She breathes, she blooms, she dies in joy; her duty

Is to be fair and glad; her life is beauty;

Love woos her, wins her, pleasure will not leave her,

The sharp thorn guards her well, but does not grieve her,

To all she giveth free, yet none bereave her.

K

# 124 Christ's Garland

Ho for the rose! but by the bitter sea,
Torn by the vexing gale, and by the spray
O'er-wash'd, the rosemary
Lives on from day to day
With deep strange scent, that yet
Cleaves, like a vain regret;
Unblessing she, unbless'd,
Unwoo'd and uncaress'd,
Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me.

The lover seeks some fair

Exotic bloom that breathes through leaf and stem

Its soul upon the heavy weighted air,
The myrtle dark, the rich geranium,
Are his; all blossoms delicate and rare;
His too are violets dim,
And sweet and hid! for him
The sweetbrier, and the woodbine dusk that
run

Their wild warm souls in one,
Till in their clasp and in their kiss unending,
None knows, so close, so kind, so sure their
blending,

Which is the sweeter, which of them the fairer, And which of bliss is giver, which is sharer But by the common way
Grow flowers that are not gay
Nor sweet like these, and if ye chance to name
them

Weeds, only weeds, ye will not seem to blame them;

Weeds, only weeds, perchance, these flowers may be,

Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me.

The child beneath his feet Finds flowers, so many flowers, He counts by them his fleet, Bright day's unlingering hours; So many, that for best He takes the nearest still, And still hath flowers, his breast And clasping hands to fill; He seeks the moor where burns The furze; the scented plume Of meadow sweet, the bloom Of May, the hedge-row ferns: And all his flowers are cool And fresh! above the pool They lean, or in the pleasant pastures blow, Yet by the ruin's edge,

## 126 Christ's Garland

And on the crater's ledge,
And by the glacier, underneath the snow,
Upon the dreary hill,
On cottage window sill,
Are other flowers unsought, unsung that be,
Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me



### 1868

### VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL!

"Then went out the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul with haste to the green trees and to the meadows, to gather boughs and flowers, therewith to strew the streets against their Prince, the son of Shaddai, should come; they also made garlands and other fine works, to betoken how joyful they were, and should be, to receive their Emmanuel into Mansoul; they also prepared for his coming what music the town might afford, that they might play before him to the palace, his habitation."—Bunyan's Holy War.

1 WHO cometh now from Edom's height, From Bozrah's rock-girt fortress hold?

A conqueror, travelling in His might, A kingly champion, long foretold.

2 Alone, upon Thy way, alone
Thou comest from the hills of pride;
And with Thee of Thy people, none
The triumph share, the spoil divide.

- 3 Thou sawest there was none to aid, No Saviour for our race beheld; Thy vengeance then its pathway made, And Thine own fury Thee upheld.
- 4 Ride on, ride on, elect of God,
  Thy feet are on the necks of Kings;
  Thy glittering spear, Thine iron rod,
  Shall guide Thy hand to fearful things.
- 5 Why art Thou in Thy garments red?
  Thy feet have track'd the crimson stair
  That leadeth from the hills of dread,
  From fierce red-handed Esau's lair.
- 6 A fiery flush around Thee lies, In fire behind Thee sinks the sun, Yet is Thy vesture dipped in dyes From ruddy sky and soil unwon.
- 7 Thy robes are sprinkled as with wine, And purpled with a costly stain; As one that treadeth out the vine Thy feet have trampled on the slain.

- 8 As one who treadeth on the grape,
  Thy feet on princes and on powers
  Have trampled! let not one escape,
  But crush to earth Thy foes and ours.
- 9 Yea! beat them small before the wind, And smite and scatter them to dust; To Thy swift chariot firmly bind The cruel Lords of hate and lust.
- 10 Ride on, Thy mission to fulfil;
  And let the promptings of Thy hand
  Be terror, wrath, and anguish still,
  Till not a foe Thy might withstand.
- 11 The ancient Dragon in the sea
  Thy sharp and biting sword shall feel;
  And on the serpent's head shall be
  The vengeance of Thy bruised heel.
- 12 And forth Thy keen and cleaving darts Shall fly with sure incessant aim; Till all Thine arrows reach the hearts Of them that wrought Thy people shame.

- 13 Then come to heal Thy people's smart, And with Thee bring Thy captive train; Come Saviour of the world and heart, Come, mighty Victor over pain!
- 14 And let Thy champing war-steed browse Upon the green and springing vine; And feed on the young olive boughs,—

  Thou wilt not hurt the oil and wine.
- 15 And let our Earth's wild story cease Its broken tale of wrong and tears; Come, Lord of Salem, Prince of Peace, And bring again our vanish'd years!



16 Thou bearest in Thy hand a book,None other may its clasp unseal;No eyes but mine and Thine may lookOn what its crowded lines reveal.

- 17 Yet fair, gold letter'd, now within
  Each line another line I see,
  The tale of all that might have been;
  And Thou wilt read it o'er with me;
- 18 And with Thy guiding help, I pierce Life's labyrinth now no longer vain; The love that frees the universe Hath made its broken story plain.
- 19 Thou wearest on Thy kingly breastA little flower that faded soon,A flower unwooed and uncaress'dBy summer in its golden noon.
- 20 A flower beside a stream that grew In mossy wood-walks, dank and wild,— The first of all the flowers I knew, The treasure of a lonely child.
- 21 Within Thine eye divine I read
  A love exact, a pity sure,
  Minute and tender, taking heed
  Of all that human hearts endure.

22 That blends within its mighty scope Thy vast design, our feeble plan, And brings again each faded hope, In giving back his God to Man.



- 23 And art Thou come with us to dwell,
  Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord?
  And is Thy name Emmanuel,
  God present with His world restored?
- 24 The world is glad for Thee! the rude Wild moor, the city's crowded pen; Each waste, each peopled solitude, Becomes a home for happy men.
- 25 The heart is glad for Thee! it knows None now shall bid it err or mourn; And o'er its desert breaks the rose In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

- 26 Thou bringest all again; with Thee Is light, is space, is breadth and room For each thing fair, beloved, and free, To have its hour of life and bloom.
- 27 Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd; Each lowly wish, each daring claim; All, all that life hath long repress'd, Unfolds, undreading blight or blame.
- 28 Thy reign eternal will not cease;
  Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow;
  Within Thy mighty world of peace
  The humblest flower hath leave to blow,
- 29 And spread its leaves to meet the sun,
  And drink within its soul the dew;
  The child's sweet laugh like light may run
  Through life's long day, and still be true;
- 30 The maid's fond sigh, the lover's kiss,
  The firm warm clasp of constant friend;
  And nought shall fail, and nought shall
  miss
  Its blissful aim, its blissful end.

31 The world is glad for Thee! the heart
Is glad for Thee! and all is well,
And fixed, and sure, because Thou ART,
Whose name is called Emmanuel.



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